THE ROYAL OAK,

OR, AN

Historicall Description

OF

The Royal Progresse, vvonderful Travels

Miraculous Escapes, and Strange Accidents of his *Sacred Majesty* *CHARLES* the II. Third *Monarch* of *Great Brittain*. Wherein is observable, and worth *Publique* view,

I. *His Majesties strange and wonderful escape from* Worcester *fight, the disrobing himself of his Princely Ornaments, the casting away his Chain of Gold, and the cutting off his precious Hair and curled Locks, by the Lord* Wilmot *for a Disguise.*

II. *The pursuing of his Royal Person by* Oliver Cromwel, *and his Blood-hounds, and the manner how he escaped, making a hollow* Oake *His Royall Pallace, within four miles of* Woolverhampton.

III. *The memorable Travels of Mris* Jane Lane *and his Majesty, His riding before her to make an escape, and his going in a Livery Cloake by the name of* William, *servant to Mr.* Lastel.

IIII. *The Discourse betwixt his Majesty and the Cook-maid at the three Crowns in* Bristol: *Her several Questions, where he was Born, and what* Trade *he was. With the Kings answer, and the remarkable passages that happened in the Kitchin upon the Maids imploying the King to wind up the* Jack.

V. *The strange and wonderful escape of Mris* Lane *into* France, *from a Troop of horse sent by* Oliver *to seize on her, and plunder her House.*

The Fourth Edition amplified and enlarged,

By John Danverd *a Loyal Subject and Servant to His* Majesty.

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The Royal Oake, &c.

AFthe the great and fatall fight at *Worceſter*, between his Majeſties forces and the *Cromwellion* Rebels, the field being loſt, not for want of courage, by the Kings party, but by thoſe numerous ſupplys, who ſerved only like the *Turkiſh Aſapi*, to blunt the Royal Swords, ſo that their wearied Arms no longer able to hold out, were forced to retreat, and at length (notwithſtanding the generous example of his Majeſty, who performed things worth wonder) to a diſorderly fight; yet 'tis worthy of obſervation, that upon *Cromwells* advance near the City, his Majeſty in perſon and in the head of the Horſe, drew out againſt him, and that with ſo much valour and courage, that *Cromwells* own Life-guard, and the beſt of his old Souldiers, (who were thought almoſt invincible) were forct to retire, till ſeconded by *Fleetwood*, *Disbrow*, *Lambert*, and others, who over-powred the Kings forces, being above five to one, and ſo loath was his Majeſty to decline the field, that upon his earneſt endeavours to have his horſe and foot rally, twice had he his Horſe ſhot under him, and at length was forced to ſhift for himſelf, and to provide for his own ſafety, and ſo with ſome Nobles and ſervants, not without a great deal of difficulty, forced

to quit the field, and by the most frequented Roads that they could possibly find out, rid to the Farm house of a noble Gentleman on the Borders of *Staffordshire*, where they no sooner arrived but his Majesty disroped himself of his Princely ornaments and accouterments, and particularly of a chain of Gold, or Spanner-string, worth 300*l.* sterling, the present of a *Scottish* Lad, which he bestowed upon a servant of his there present; which done, for his farther disguise, he proceeding to the cutting off his hair, and the Cot affording neither shears nor Scissars to perform it, it was by the Lord *Wilmot* cut off with a knif. And now every one is commanded to shift for himself, & this poor Prince left alone to the sole protection of the Almighty, he choosing none but one friend to accompany him, with whom he wandred into a Wood, within four miles (say some) of *Woolverhampton*, where finding a hollow Oak, he was now content to make it his Pallace, for here he for some days concealed himself, his Friend still towards night going out to provide him some refreshment during this his solitary confinement. In the mean time the Lord *Wilmot* who was commanded with the rest to seek his fortune, was by chance pursued by some Souldiers, but meeting with a Countrey fellow formerly a Souldier in the Old Kings Army, he was by him secured, though somewhat strangely, for he carries him into a Malt-house belonging to Mrs. *Jane Lane*, and having no other convenient place to hide him in, clapt him under the Kilne, though there were then some fire in it, and the Malt smoaking on the top. In the mean time, the Souldiers then in pursuit of him, entred the house, and having made about three quarters of an hours search every where else, but not at all suspecting the Kilne, where they saw the fire burning, they departed, and the Lord *Wilmot* was taken out of the Kilne almost ready to faint with the extremity of the heat. The Countrey-fellow having thus secured this Lord, acquaints Mrs. *Lane* with what he had done, and she extreamly glad of it, gets him to her house, wherein conference she enquires of the Kings safety. The Lord *Wilmot* gives her the former relation of his great miseries & Distress, which forces tears from the tender-hearted Gentlewoman, she earnestly intreats him to take some course for the finding out of his *Majesty*, and conducting him to her house, she being resolved to venture her life, had she ten thousand, for the saving

saying of his Royal Majesty. The Lord *Wilmot* glad of so happy an oppo tunity to serve his Majesty, and so great a probab l ty of securing him, the next n ght finds him out, and conducts him from the Royal Oak to the house of Mrs. *Jane Lane*, where after a large condoling of his hard fortune, consultation was had for a con e niency for his escape beyond sea, and at length it was concluded, that *Bristol* would be the most convenient place to take shipping, That his Majesty should ride before Nrs. *Lane* by the name of *William* servant to Nr. *Lastel* her father in law, who was to go with them; and thus it was immediatly given out, that Mr. *Lastel* and Nrs. *Lane* were to take a Journey in the West, to visit some friends, and shortly after they set forward. In this Journy there hapned many accidents worthy con-memoration: and first, the Kings Majesty riding now as a servant to one of the faithfullest of his Subjects, in a Livery cloak, though not without that respect that durst be given to him; complains to Ms. *Lane* that the cloak wearied him, whereupon she desires Mr. *Lastels* to carry it; and long they had not rid so, but they met upon the Road her Brother in Law, who amongst others questions demanded of her, if her Father must carry her mans cloak; to which she readily answered, that it was so big, but it often endangered the throwing her off the horse, and that she had therefore desired him to carry it. The next & most important accident of all was, that coming to a town where they were to pass through, there was a Troop of horse there to be quartered drawn up, which caused some fear, but at length with resolution they passed on, and the Captain taking them for honest travellers, made his Troop open to the right and left, and so permitted them to pass. Another accident there happened, which one may say was almost comical in this Tragedy, Ms. *Lane* coming into the Inne, leaves his Majesty under the name of *Will*, her servant in the Kitchin, with whom the maid enters into discourse, she asks him where he was born, and what trade he was, he answers at *Brumingham*, and a Na lors son, and after a great deal of other discourse, the Jack being down, the maid desires him to wind it up, which he willingly undertakes, but goes the wrong way about it, and prejudices it; at which the maid grew angry, asking him where he was bred, and telling him he was the veryest clownish booby that ever she saw in all her life; which railing of hers made his Majesty, notwithstanding his present misery, go out of the Room smiling.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Lane* notwithstanding his Majesty went as her servant, yet had a greater respect for him before others, pretended him her Tenant's son; but on the Road she would alwayes ask what he would have to dinner or supper, and what piece of that he liked, which she would alwayes be sure to get made ready, and give him, he still sitting at the lower end of the table.

But to come to the end of their journey, being arrived at *Bristol* they lodged at the house of a Noble gentleman there, and kinsman to Mr. *Lastles*: the King finding it to be a house of great resort, feins himself sick of an Ague, and so keeps his Chamber all the day, coming down only at nights; but one night coming down and being somewhat cold craves a glasse of Wine of the Butler, who carries him into the Butlery; this Butler having before served his Majesties Father in the Wars, looking earnestly upon him, suspected him to be the King, so easily will Majesty appear though ve'l'd in the utmost disguises, and thereupon pulling off his hat, told him very ceremoniously. That he might command what Wine he pleased; of which the King took no notice, but drinking off his Wine went out; yet the Butler could not satisfie his suspicion, but went up to Mr. *Lastels*, and demanded of him how long he had had that servant, whereupon Mr. *Lastels* was very angry at his boldness, in daring to ask him such a question, but the Butler still persisted, and whispering told him that he believed it was the King, whereupon Mr. *Lastels* seeing he was discovered, sends immediatly for his Majesty, whom he acquaints with the Butlers discovery of him with whom the King was somewhat angry, in regard he did not first acquaint himself with his supition, it not being impossible, but that Mr. *Lastels* might not have know him to be the King; but upon pardon asked by the Butler, it was granted by the King, and he afterwards proved very instrumental in his *Majesties* conveyance through the Countrey.

But here at *Bristol* the chief design they had in hand failed them; for though there were a little Barque lay there, judged most convenient for the business, yet the Master would for no reward transport a single person, though he was so honest as only to deny it and made no further search or inquiry concerning the person, which might perhaps have tended to a discovery.

This

This design here failing, his Majesty desired to be brought some miles Westward to the house of a worthy Gentleman whom he knew to be a trusty friend, where coming he finds the gentleman in the field with his servants, having discovered himself to him, he was by him conveyed to a convenient stand till night, (having first taken leave of his true friends who had thus far conducted him, with the danger of their Lives and Estates,) from whence he was in the dusk conveyed into the house, and there carefully concealed for a week, till such time as preparation could be made in some Western Port of a passage for him; but coming afterwards there where it was provided, chancing to dine with a Parliament-Colonel, then there, he thought it the safer to loose the benefit of that passage, then adventure to imbarque himself singly, which might breed suspicion, and perhaps have been the means after so many deliverances to have betrayed him into the hands of his enemies.

This passage then likewise failing him, he returned back to the place from whence he come, and concealed himself three weeks longer, till in the end he being resolved on, he by the assistance of *Mr. Ph.* was conveyed through the most by-ways they could imagine to a gentlewomans house in *Sussex*, where he lay some few days, till a person of true worth and honour made provision of a faithfull master, who who with a small Vessel wafted him to a small Creek in *Normandy*, to the great content of the Kings sacred *Majesty*, and all his loyal Subjects, and to the honour of the master, with the due reward, as in time may appear.

Perhaps the Reader may think it tedious, that I have given so large a relation of his *Majesties* from that fight at *Worcester*, but it was a work so full of wonder and providence, and so many false relations there are abroad, that I could do no lesse then recount all those miseries and hardships which this poor Prince endured for the sakes of us his Subjects, and more would he willingly have endured even death it self, to the redeeming of us from the tyranny and oppression which we then groaned under.

But let him that shall look upon the several passages of his life, read them over & over, consider the several difficulties he passed

passed, the many dangers he was in to be betrayed, the Country being up round about, the summe of money set upon him to be paid those that betrayed him, which many hundreds out of covetousnesse made it their businesse to search for him, and they will confesse ingeniously, that God was never so merciful to any people as to us, in delivering his Sacred Majesty out of the hands of his enemies, who breathed out nothing but his death and destruction, that we may yet have hope to be a happy Nation.

Within few dayes after this his Majesties great and miraculous deliverance, Some ill-affected persons gave notice to the usurping Tyrant *Oliver Cromwel* of the escape of his *Majesty* by the privacy of Mris *Jane Lane*, he not knowing how to satisfy his bloody intentions otherwise, gave command that a Troop of Horse should go and seize on her; in the mean time she having notice given by a friend of hers at *White-hall*, immediatly disguised her self, and through much difficulty passed to *Bristol*, and so escaped into *France*. No sooner was she gone, but the Troop of horse came according to the command of *Oliver*, plundered her House, but to the great grief of that Arch Rebel the prey was gone before.

FINIS.